

# RESTORATION

VOL. VII.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—MAY, 1954

No. 6.

## Good Friday Explains How Fear Took Courage

By Catherine de Hueck

Fear came to dwell on earth the day the awesome Angel with the flaming sword moved aside to let Adam and Eve pass through the doors of Paradise into exile, then moved back, to stand on guard until the day of Redemption.

### The Unseen Fear

No one, since that day, ever truly "saw" Fear closely. It moved among men like a will-o'-the-wisp. Now and then they caught sight of it in the faces or eyes of their fellow men. Once in a while they would see it very clearly on the face of the dead. But always it seemed to be around, elusive, grey, non-descript.

Yet suddenly it could become immense, move whole nations, or armies, to flee into wastelands and deserts, leaving their possessions, and staggering blindly anywhere to get away from it.

But the faster they ran, the closer Fear came to them, it went running with them, its gasping breath mingling with theirs. Men feared Fear. And Fear, it seemed, feared itself.

Lonely and desolate, it moved through the endless paths of time — like a lost soul. Always seeking something it could not find. Dreaming of the day when men would cease to shun it and it would cease to be afraid of itself.

### A Fearless Man

One day it came, in its usual shadowy way, to a palace. Unobserved it entered the huge patio. There, in a seat finely wrought of precious sandalwood encrusted with gold and silver, sat a proud Roman governor, surrounded by his retinue. Before him, flanked by two soldiers in shining armor, stood a Man . . . tall . . . dressed in white.

At the sight of him Fear straightened up, took a deep breath, and seemed to fill out, until it stood immense and ugly in all its powerful might.

The Roman governor in his resplendent chair shivered — and looked around. But his eyes were held. He could not see Fear as Fear truly was. His minions, not knowing why, huddled closer together. Almost unconsciously the Roman soldiers put their hands on their swords, as if ready to strike an invisible yet, distinctly felt enemy.

The tall Man in white did not move. Lifting His eyes, He looked straight into those of Fear . . . and looking — smiled!

No one had ever done that before to Fear. It stood still, as if rooted to the ground. It did not hear what transpired after that. The only sound that reached it was that of soft hands being washed in water.

### A Fearful Sight

The next thing it knew, it was standing all alone in the patio. Frantically it ran down the marble steps in search of Him who was not afraid of it, and Who had smiled at it. It did not have far to go.

In the courtyard, with hands bound, high over His head, to a tall round pillar, and stripped to the waist, the Man was being scourged with a cat-o'-nine-tails tipped with lead. Blood was streaming down His body as the whip ate into the tender flesh.

Fear smiled. Now it would be master of this Man. Slowly it walked around, growing with each step until its head seemed to touch the clouds. It stopped when it came face to face with the Man and stooped to look down. Its eyes . . . when they met those of the Man . . . shrank and shuddered. For, incredible as it seemed, the eyes of the whipped Man were clear . . . limpid clear. They were filled with pain, but utterly unafraid! And again He smiled.

Fear turned on its heels and ran away. But it could not rest. It had to go back and find, once more, the Man Who was not afraid of it.

### Fear At Calvary

This time it took longer. Perhaps because the steps of Fear were hesitant and slow. Yet finally it came upon Him again. He was being nailed to a Cross, a heavy clumsy cross that lay on the uneven ground of a hill called Calvary.

Huge nails entered His wrists and feet. Then hastily, as if the executioners were in a hurry to be done with it all, He was lifted up. It was then that fear noticed the thorny cap that snugly fitted His bleeding head, and made a sort of crown around His brow.

Fear knew a moment of triumph. Surely this was the time the Man would recognize its supremacy and, like all the other children of man, recoil from the sight of its power and immensity.

But no. The clear deep eyes that were closed in an agony of pain — opened once more, and looked into the eyes of Fear — unafraid. Once again they smiled, a loving, understanding smile, a smile that seemed to say "Come rest on my tired breast, you who, even as I, never had a place to rest!"

### Fear Takes Heart

Fear wept then. And lifting itself on tip-toes . . .

rested its ugly weary face on the Man's breast.

As it heard the slow painful heart-beats of the dying Man, it was transformed. It ceased to be afraid of itself. It tasted the heady wine of courage.

Ever since that day, Fear isn't homeless any more. Thousands upon thousands of men will walk hand in hand with it now anywhere, courageously, joyously, and utterly unafraid, because they too love . . . as that Crucified Man did, and for His sake.

Thus Fear found out that LOVE CAN MAKE EVEN FEAR FEARLESS.



## Watch For Blue Truck En Route To The Yukon

On the feast of St. Michael, the Archangel, May 8th, three of our group, Mamie Legris, Louis Stoeckle, and Mrs. Kathleen O'Herin, will leave on their 4,000 mile trek by truck to the Yukon.

### The New Pioneers

They will be the first lay missionaries of the Arctic. They will take charge of the mission house of Our Lady of Guadalupe, in Whitehorse. The Most Reverend J. L. Coudert, Bishop of the Vicariate, will welcome them. Miss Legris, incidentally will be the first Staff Worker in Madonna House to become director of a new branch.

St. Michael's day is a good day to start the trek — and the occupants of the truck are already calling the vehicle "Mike" or "Mickey." And May, the month of Mary, is a wonderful month for travelers. Yet we ask our readers for the alms of their prayers, for when all is said and done — it is still a hazardous, long and tiring journey. And I dare say quite an original one.

We do not know of any other Lay Apostolic group

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## Madonna House Gains 4 New Staff Workers

Madonna House has been enriched by four new Staff Workers. They are Mr. Richard Parker, Miss Gertrude Cortens, Miss Shirlee De Witt, and Miss Mary Davis.

They were received by the Rev. J. T. Callahan, in the Immaculate Conception chapel, on the evening of April 7, following the ending of a three day retreat.

The simple ceremony, not nearly so dramatic as the profession of a novice in any of the religious orders, was yet profoundly stirring.

### Before The Altar

After the choir had sung a verse of "Come Holy Ghost," the young people arose and moved toward the altar. A table rested exactly in front of the tabernacle. On it were the forms to be signed. Father Callahan, vested in surplice and stole, handed a form to each in turn. An acolyte holding a lighted candle stood close by.

Each "applicant" read the form aloud:

"I ——— do hereby simply promise that I shall serve for one year from this date as a Staff Worker in the Lay Apostolate of Friendship House (Canada). I desire to place this offering of self at the feet of the Heavenly Father, through the Immaculate Heart of my Mother, and the Sacred Heart of my Lord."

The "applicant" then signed the document, and was no longer an applicant but a full-fledged Staff Worker.

After these four had made their promises, five Staff Workers came forward to renew their promises for a period of two years. They were Miss Therese Fazackerley, Mrs. Kathleen O'Herin, Mr. James Murphy, Miss Catherine Maynard, and Miss Francoise De Castro.

### Father Dwyer Present

Rev. Fr. A. P. Dwyer, guest of honor at the ceremony, then conducted Benediction. After Benediction all the "family" retired to the refectory. There the new Staff Workers were presented with the sterling silver Pax-Caritas crosses that distinguish the Staff Worker at Madonna House.

Mrs. Eddie Doherty, founder of Friendship House, kissed the new Staffers after the manner of French generals conferring medals of honor on men cited for heroism.

"I give you," she said to each, "the cross of Christ for your sanctification as a Lay Apostle of Catholic Action, Friendship House style, for the love of God and neighbor — Caritas — and for the peace of the world — Pax."

A special cake was cut for everybody present, and ice cream was served.

### Mamie's Companions

On the following evening Mrs. Doherty announced that Mrs. O'Herin and Mr.

Louis Stoeckle had been chosen to accompany Miss Mamie Legris to the Friendship House unit to be opened in Whitehorse, Y.T. Until then the selection of these two had been a secret.

Miss Legris was given a key as the symbol of her authority. The key was carved out of wood by a Visiting Volunteer, and had been painted silver. It was brought forward, resting, with a statue of the Infant of Prague and a statue of Our Lady, on a red satin pillow.

The presentation of the key is a traditional ceremony that originated when Mrs. Doherty installed Miss Nancy Grenell as her successor as director of Friendship House in Harlem a dozen years ago.

"I give you this key to Maryhouse, Yukon," Mrs. Doherty said, placing it in Mamie's outstretched hand, "and officially appoint you the director of it, to be custodian of the Friendship House spirit there, and to extend the kingdom of God in the hearts of men by Caritas, and to bring to them its fruit, Pax, the peace of Christ."

Now to each of Mamie's companions in turn, she said, "You are now appointed to the household of Mary, at Maryhouse in the Yukon."

### Guard It Well

"Officially I ask you to guard the spirit of Friendship House in extending the Kingdom of God. But this is to be done under Mamie's direction. Remember she is, from now on, Christ to you, your superior. Obey her in all things. You who go, go in peace."

Father Callahan gave his blessing, after which everybody went upstairs to the chapel to give thanks for all the graces bestowed upon Madonna House during and after the retreat, and to ask God's blessing, and that of Our Lady of Combermere, on the travellers to the Yukon and their mission.

After a few minutes of silent prayer, "Come Holy Ghost" was sung; and then "Holy God we praise Thy name"; and then the hymn that is becoming the theme song of Madonna House, "Holy Mother of Combermere!"

There are two Staff Worker Applicants left in the group, Miss Mary Ruth and Miss Loretta Patenaud. It is expected they will make their promises next July.



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EDDIE DOHERTY ..... Editor  
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY ..... Managing Editor  
DOROTHY PHILLIPS ..... Circulation Manager

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

May, the month of Mary! May, the month in which all creatures praise Her . . . Listen to the world reciting the litany of Her who played before the Face of God always.

Austere and unchangeable, the tall pines repeat and repeat . . . HOLY MARY . . . as they sway in the Spring breezes. Gay and young, the pussy willows chant fast and joyously, as children will — HOLY MOTHER OF GOD . . . HOLY VIRGIN OF VIRGINS . . . MOTHER OF CHRIST . . . MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE . . . MOTHER MOST PURE.

Daffodils take up the holy song, swaying as they chant — MARY MOST CHASTE . . . MOTHER INVIOLE . . . MOTHER UNDEFILED . . . MOTHER MOST ADMIRABLE . . . MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL . . . MOTHER OF OUR CREATOR. The green grass, new and shining, takes it up from there — VIRGIN MOST PRUDENT . . . VIRGIN MOST VENERABLE . . . VIRGIN MOST RENOWNED . . . VIRGIN MOST POWERFUL . . . VIRGIN MOST MERCIFUL . . . VIRGIN MOST FAITHFUL.

Hidden far away from the world . . . monks and nuns chant slowly and beautifully in half-lit chapels at the dawn of day — MIRROR OF JUSTICE . . . SEAT OF WISDOM . . . CAUSE OF OUR JOY . . . SPIRITUAL VESSEL . . . VESSEL OF HONOR . . . VESSEL OF SINGULAR DEVOTION . . . MYSTICAL ROSE . . . TOWER OF DAVID . . . TOWER OF IVORY . . . HOUSE OF GOLD . . . ARK OF THE COVENANT.

In brilliantly lit Churches through all the lands . . . young and old come in on the choir. Quaking voices, and pure young ones, and all shades in between . . . say, reverently and slowly . . . the titles of Her who is clothed with the Sun and has the moon under Her feet . . . GATE OF HEAVEN . . . MORNING STAR.

From uncounted beds of pain the sick raise their voices, and "come in" beautifully on a high note . . . HEALTH OF THE SICK. They are joined yet by another choir, who barely raise their voices, yet can somehow be heard clearly . . . REFUGE OF SINNERS . . . COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED . . . HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

Suddenly a mighty voice, blended in the crucible of suffering, comes in to lead all the rest. It is the voice of those who are the CHURCH IN SILENCE TODAY, and who can be heard only by those whose ears are attuned to accents of love that is a complete holocaust . . . QUEEN OF ANGELS . . . QUEEN OF PATRIARCHS . . . QUEEN OF PROPHETS . . . QUEEN OF APOSTLES . . . QUEEN OF MARTYRS . . . QUEEN OF CONFESSORS . . . QUEEN OF VIRGINS . . . QUEEN OF ALL SAINTS.

Almost the end . . . and yet a new voice comes in stronger, greater, more powerful than any yet raised in praise of Her who is beyond all praise.

Alone in His chapel . . . THE MAN IN WHITE . . . THE VICAR OF CHRIST . . . sings . . . and gladness comes softly into the chant. Now the choir is complete. Now indeed the praises are lifted up unto Her feet . . . QUEEN CONCEIVED WITHOUT ORIGINAL SIN . . . QUEEN OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY . . . QUEEN OF PEACE . . . QUEEN ASSUMED INTO HEAVEN . . . ALLELUIA!

May, the month of Mary . . . the month of Easter and joy in the Lord. Let us sing Her praises. Let us do more . . . let us make her known and loved everywhere.

MAY OF THIS MARIAN YEAR IS SO VERY SPECIAL . . . HER MONTH . . . HER YEAR . . . THE MONTH OF GIFT-BRINGING FROM CHILDREN TO MOTHER. LET OUR GIFTS BE OF THE EXTENSION OF THE KINGDOM OF HER SON.

NOTHING COULD PLEASE HER MORE . . . ALLELUIA!

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Sometimes I think Combermere is the craziest place on earth. That is, I mean, the seven acres of Combermere dedicated to Madonna House.

There are places almost as crazy in other sections of North America — say wherever there is a Friendship House unit. But there are more people here. And it is the people who make the place crazy, and not the place the people.

### Fantastic Is The Word

Our idea of life is itself an outlandish and wacky one. Our way of getting rich is to live in poverty, to possess nothing of our own, not excepting our own wills. Even our clothing is given us. Our idea of staying healthy is to work ourselves to death. Our way of helping ourselves is to help the ignorant, the sick, the young, the needy. Our idea of attaining joy, in this life and the next, is to deny ourselves, take up the Cross, and follow Christ — even to Calvary. We provide for our old age by not providing for it at all. We let God worry about it.

And the crazy people who come to us! Boys and girls, and men and women, travel from afar, sometimes at great expense, to give us the works of their hands and hearts for a week, a month, a summer. Some seminarians and college boys and girls spend their entire vacations with us, working hard, when they might be earning money enough to see them through the next term. They work here merely for the love of God!

But of course the craziest people are our own kids, our Staff Workers and Staff Worker Applicants. Their one ambition is to become saints; great saints!

Some of their parents are disappointed in this, for "naturally" they want their darlings to "amount to something." Alas, boys and girls who might become money-earners — teachers, secretaries, carpenters, factory superintendents, bankers, filing clerks, or sales people — are content to strive for mere sanctity! Could anything be more stupid?

### A Glory Of Light

I happened to look at one of the girls this morning at Communion in our Immaculate Conception chapel. This is the high point, the climax of our day, this moment when we kneel in a ragged semicircle on the floor before the altar, and wait to receive our Daily Bread. (I wonder if the first Christians didn't make just such a semicircle about the cross on that first Good Friday.) The rest of the day is spent in thanksgiving.

There was a glory of light on the girl's face. It took delight in her, caressing her throat, her chin, her opened mouth, her tight-shut eyelids. I marveled at its golden brightness, its joyous energy, its mystic beauty, its uncontrolled excitement.

Maybe it was the sun, just risen and stretching his rays as he yawned his sleepiness away, or the light of the candles flaming in back of the priest, or the glow of the lamps on either side of the altar, or the flickering of the vigil fires before the statues of Our Lady and of her Infant Son, that caused the light to leap from the acolyte's paten and the chalice of the priest in such

glad abandon. But I would not have it so.

### Not A Good Example

I realize I should not have been glancing at anyone at this time. But a fool must follow his natural bent; and mine is looking at people, and listening to them, and loving them, and trying to understand them, and putting them into books where others may enjoy them.

It was the Host that shone on her, my imagination insisted. (Imagination can crown a grasshopper or shrivel a blazing star.) The Host was Christ. Christ was the Way and the Life and the Light! Christ was Love! Christ came to this young woman in light as well as in the round thin wafer! He gave Himself to her in an ecstasy of Bread and Light!

I fondled the thought for a moment, then let it go, for the priest and the acolyte were approaching me. I shut my eyes at last. The thought came back later in the day, when the girl brought a pitcher of fresh well-water to my room.

Blue jays and purple grackles were quarreling just below my windows. The sun glittered on the blue Madawaska, and glinted on sheets of thin gray-green ice. Mating ducks were swimming toward the dull dim hills. And maple buds were shivering in the chilly wind.

### "On A Golden Platter"

"I had a boy friend once," the girl said. Maybe it was something I said that prompted the remark; maybe it was just the sight of the enamored ducks. I can't say. (Ice in water is all right, provided the water is in a glass; but ice in a river is something else again. I was thinking it was good not to be a duck, especially a male duck trying to impress his mate.)

"He really wasn't my boy friend," she corrected herself. "He only wanted to be. I was always fussy, I guess. And not interested. When I was just a little girl I wrote on a piece of paper that my intention was to be a handmaid of Christ in the Eucharist. Strangely enough I forgot all about that for years. I remembered it only when I found the piece of paper in an old book."

"Anyway I didn't encourage this particular boy. He got mad at me, finally, and sarcastic. He said I was impossible. 'You want love served up to you on a golden platter,' he said. 'You'll never get it!'"

She studied the ducks and the ice and the whipping maple branches; then turned to me with a smile. And there was the sunlight — or some other radiance — on her again.

### Our Daily Bread

"He was wrong," she said. "I get it every morning now; Love on a golden platter." That's the way they talk. All of them.

Here's a girl going on her vacation. Listen. "I hate to go. Honest, I could cry. But I keep wanting to see Mom's face when I bring in a dinner I've cooked all by myself. And when she tastes my bread! You remember how dumb I was when I first came here? I didn't know a frying pan from a dust mop. Now — well, look at my hands!"

They are rough and red. (Continued on Page Four)

## The B's Corner

The house looks and feels sort of empty, though it is filled with people. The departure of Mamie, Kathleen, and Louis for the Yukon has left a big void. Though our souls rejoice with a great joy at the privilege that is theirs in becoming the first Lay Missionaries to go to the Arctic, still our human hearts miss them, and our prayers, follow them.

### Why Don't You Write?

Incidentally, for all our interested friends, their address from now on is MARY HOUSE, WHITEHORSE, YUKON TERRITORY, CANADA. Drop them a line. They will be glad to hear from you. It is lonely up there at the rim of our world.

Glad and lonely, life goes on at Madonna House with an increased tempo. The Summer School of Catholic Action is just around the corner, and it promises to be the best and biggest yet, if one is to judge by registrations that started way back in January.

This year it will open July fifth, with SPIRITUAL FOUNDATIONS OF CATHOLIC ACTION. The talks will be given by Father Aloysius Nolan, Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Sarnia, Ont., and Fr. Bernard Kelly of Providence, R.I., both specialists in Catholic Action.

The second term — or week — starting July 12th — THE MASS LIVED — will be in the hands of a son of St. Benedict, Fr. Eric Baerman, O.S.B., of Collegeville, Minn., the center of Liturgical teachings in the North American Continent.

### Our Lady's Week

The third week, beginning July 19th, is fully dedicated to Our Lady . . . THE ROYAL GATE TO GOD — MARY. In honor of the Marian year we will have priests speaking of her. Fr. Gervaise, a Carmelite, and Fr. Roger Charest, a Montfortian Father.

The fourth week, dedicated to the Rural Apostolate of Catholic Action, will be in the hands of a priest from St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S., we hope, for few can match those priests in that realm. And the final family week beginning, August 2nd, will be in the capable hands of Father Dore of the Basilian order, St. Michael's University, Toronto, Ont. — to us the dean of Catholic Action in that city.

Please, dear friends, if you plan to spend an integrated Catholic vacation with us, do register NOW . . . as space is quickly disappearing . . . sleeping space we mean.

Incidentally, please read our Summer School prospectus carefully as to clothing, etc. Also, we must make it quite clear, that by INTEGRATED vacation we mean one in which all of us pray together, study together, WORK together, and play together. Work forms a very important part of it. It is simple work . . . ordinary household chores — gardening, berry picking, and such . . . but everyone has a share in it. Truly, if you enter into the spirit of things . . . IT IS FUN.

### Big Little Infant!

Have you a devotion to the Little Infant of Prague? I have truly a big one. He is a wondrous Child. Most helpful to all in financial (Continued on Page Three)



# COMBERMERE

By Catherine

In answer to many, many letters asking for more personal, intimate details of our way of life, our works, and the everyday happenings at Madonna House, we have decided to make this column for a while a sort of homey affair. Please let us know if that is the way you want it to be.

## Introducing The Personnel

First let us present ourselves. But before we do that, it must be understood there are various stratas, or groups, living in Madonna House. It is that kind of place. First comes the INNER CIRCLE, the Staff Workers, men and women with a vocation for our apostolate, who give their whole lives to it, practicing the evangelical counsels of perfection — POVERTY, CHASTITY, AND OBEDIENCE — according to the spirit of our Constitution. (Interested? Twenty-five cents will bring it to you.) They bind themselves by a promise of STABILITY to the Apostolate, first for one year's duration, then for two; renewable every two years thereafter.

Dorothy Phillips from Buckingham, Que., my Assistant Director, has been with us over three years. Louis Stoeckle of Toronto, Marite Langlois of Montreal, and Mamie Legris of Dacre, Ont., have been here about as long. Theresa Fazakerley of Toronto, Kathleen O'Herrin from Vermont, Kathy Maynard of New London, Conn., Francoise De Castro from Paris, France, and Jim Murphy of Montreal, are in their second years or so.

The newest members of the Staff, received April 7th, are Shirlee DeWitt of Detroit, Gertrude Cortens of Winnipeg, Richard Parker of Boston, and Mary Davis of Peabody, Mass.

## And Two To Come

That brings us to our two Staff Worker Applicants — the name we give to those on probation before acceptance — Mary Ruth of Hartford, Conn., and Loretta Patenaud of Edmonton, Alta. They will be "making their promises" in July when their six months will be up.

Eddie and I compose the rest of the official F.H. family at Madonna House.

The next "CIRCLE" are the Visiting Volunteers. Anyone can enter it. For any reason whatsoever. Interest in the Apostolate. A desire to clarify a vocation. A desire to give God some time in the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. Reasons of studies for these. Just a desire to visit. All of these, and many other reasons, animate those who come to apply for this status.

Men and women are welcome. There is no age limit provided their health is good and they are willing to live the life we do in all its details.

Outwardly there is little to distinguish them from the Staff. But of course they have no promises to make. They are free to leave at a moment's notice. They may stay with us only one full calendar year, unless there are grave reasons that would allow us to extend their stay.

## All Kinds Welcome

Naturally they have no say or vote in any of the affairs of the apostolate, but submit themselves to its discipline and daily routine of work and prayer. No de-

nominal bars are placed on VISITING VOLUNTEERS, but all applying for Staff Worker status must be Catholics. At present we have only one full fledged VISITING VOLUNTEER.

Next come "GUESTS". No. We are not a sanatorium. Nor a nursing home. Nor a Rest-Cure place. Nor a lodge. We do not "rent out" rooms or premises to anyone in need of our salubrious air and the quiet of the countryside. But, on special recommendations of the reverend clergy, nuns, and our Catholic friends in the medical profession, our Blue Door (painted Blue in honor of Our Lady) opens wide. We welcome Christ in all who wish to come into the peaceful atmosphere of our humble Lay Apostolate.

## They Share Our Lives

They too share our lives day by day, in work, fun, and prayer . . . but for them many exceptions are made; and no definite schedules are presented. They are a blessing to us.

We observe the injunction of St. Benedict — LET ALL GUESTS BE TREATED LIKE CHRIST.

At the present moment we have four wonderful people staying with us. Tomorrow we may have twice that number, the day after or the week after — none. GUESTS are special ambassadors of God . . . and so come to us according to His timetable.

A most important group of VISITORS that honor us are priests. You may have noticed a little advertisement that appears in this paper regularly, which states that priests are always welcome to come and rest, recuperate, or spend their vacation with us.

Many do. Alleluia! For this we are most grateful to Mary mother of all priests. There is no greater joy and blessing than to offer hospitality to a priest in need of it.

We have a lovely log cabin named after St. Catherine of Sienna, situated on a little island near our mainland and main house. We call it the island of Patmos. There the priests stay. It is cozy, winterized, warm, has a fireplace, all the privacy in the world, and a good library too. Our men look after the priests' comfort, and a nurse is available for such services as may be required.

No charge of any kind is made. Visiting Volunteers and Guests get room and board. If they can afford to give us a donation, fine. If not, Our Lady will provide. From priests we desire only their prayers and their blessings.

Such then, is the bird's eye view of the population of Madonna House. Next month further details.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

They've evidently been cut, burned, bruised, pinched, mashed, and otherwise abused in the last year or so. They do look capable though.

"I was walking with Kathleen for a visit to the church last Sunday afternoon," she says, "and we got to talking about all the things we learned."

"I used to have nice hands," I said. "I used to keep my nails just so, and my skin soft and white. Now,

what with weeding, hoeing, sewing, handling fire wood, wrestling pots and pans and dirty dishes, cooking, baking, and doing a few dozen other things — 'But she didn't let me finish. 'Once they were nice,' she said; 'now they are beautiful!'"

## The Whole World's Mad

And here's a girl asking a crazy question.

"Are there mosquitoes and flies in the Holy Land? Or gnats?"

She isn't merely curious. "I was thinking about Christ on the cross," she explains; "and I wondered if insects plagued him as much as we did — Him with His hands nailed like that!"

They're all that way. Crazy! Crazy about God and everything that pertains to God.

The world should be crazy the same way. Then it wouldn't be so foolish, nor so frightened, nor so very sad.

## WATCH FOR BLUE TRUCK

(Continued from Page One)

that undertook a similar one. But it is the cheapest form of transportation when one has to get three people and a truck, plus a load of goods, that far.

Here is their tentative itinerary, through the month of May. Don't hesitate if you see a BLUE CHEVROLET TRUCK with the legend OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE MISSION HOUSE, WHITEHORSE, Y.T., painted on its sides. Stop it and have a visit with its occupants. They will be happy to meet and make friends along the road. No one is a "stranger" to a missionary, lay or clerical.

## Here's The Route

Starting point, COMBERMERE. Huntsville. North Bay. Sudbury. Copper Cliff. Blind River. Thessalon. Chapleau. Terrace Bay. Schreiber. Kenora (with a side trip to Sioux Lookout, maybe). Port Arthur. Fort William.

WINNIPEG, Man. St. Boniface. Portage La Prairie. Brandon.

MOOSOMIN, Sask. Indian Head. Regina. Moose Jaw. Gravelbourg. Humboldt and Corval. Saskatoon. Prince Albert. Lloydminster.

VERMILION, Alta. Edmonton. St. Albert. Westlock. Athabasca. High Prairie. Valley View. Bezonson. Grand Prairie. Clairmont. Sexsmith.

DAWSON CREEK, B. C. Ft. St. John. Fort Nelson. Teslin.

## Speaking of Loads

They will leave Combermere with a half-loaded truck. We haven't enough to load it fully, but we hope they get to WHITEHORSE FULLY LOADED . . . for in truth they will need well nigh everything. Just to give you a sample: BEDDING . . . BOOKS (CATHOLIC) RELIGIOUS ARTICLES . . . KITCHEN UTENSILS . . . CROCKERY . . . GLASSWARE . . . TOWELS

FOR HAND, FACE, BATH, AND KITCHEN . . . FACE CLOTHS . . . STAPLES . . . ESPECIALLY COFFEE, TEA, SUGAR, FLOUR, DRY BEANS, OATMEAL FOR PORRIDGE, POTATOES, TURNIPS AND OTHER LONG-KEEPING VEGETABLES . . . CANNED GOODS ARE MOST WELCOME . . . A RADIO OR TWO, IF ANYONE HAS THEM TO SPARE . . . TABLE LAMPS (yes we have electricity) . . . MEDICAL SUP-

(Continued on Page Four)

# FINANCIAL STATEMENT

A year has rolled by, and once more we are presenting our financial statement . . . And once again, we must remark, cold figures say little. We truly wish we had space to make them come alive and tell their tales of joys and sorrows . . . but space is at a premium, and it would take a book. So we give it to you, with but few commentaries on this or that item.

## Stamps Mount Up

Postage . . . \$2,005.36. An enormous sum at first glance. And at a second. Yet to my desk alone yearly come 10,000 letters. THE APOSTOLATE OF LETTERS. Has anyone ever tried to describe it? Letters of hope . . . of despair . . . of friendship . . . of requests for help, spiritual, financial, and personal . . . all kinds of help. Letters that tell a life story in a page or two. Letters that ask advice. Holy letters. Clever, interesting letters. All dealing in some way with God and the things of God . . . an additional proof of modern hunger for things Divine. But ten thousand answers, first class mail letters, at 4c each (now 5c), is \$400.00.

A Catholic Lending Library, on which we pay the outgoing postage, adds about another thousand. What a joy to send these good Catholic books out through the ten Provinces of Canada! Mailing of parcels to needy people — bundles of clothing and miscellaneous goods, makes up the rest, the heaviest toll during the Christmas season. Suddenly a dead figure takes flesh . . . the radiant flesh of truth and love marching through Canada's Post Offices. Alleluia.

## This Also Takes Money

Building Costs and Repairs, Household Furnishings — seem to require many of our begged dollars . . . as do office supplies. A lovely cottage for sick priests, tired priests, and resting and vacationing priests, has now been winterized. Letter writing takes tons of paper; so does the library, the Restoration file, and its printing.

The ever growing Summer School of Catholic Action demands more and more furniture and fixtures . . . As does the chapel where Our Lord dwells.

Madonna House exists only for two purposes . . . To be the mother house and training center for the FRIENDSHIP HOUSE LAY APOSTOLATE OF CATHOLIC ACTION IN CANADA; and to serve, in every way, the extension of Christ's Kingdom in its works here.

In this light every cold cash figure has the glowing flesh of charity. Care to study them?

## Here's The Statement

### MADONNA HOUSE

### PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

(December 31st, 1953)

#### INCOME:

Balance in Bank as of Jan 1, 1953	\$ (52.79)
Donations	24,411.47
	<b>\$24,358.68</b>
Less outstanding 1952 cheques	
cashed in 1953	233.49
Total Income	<b>\$24,125.19</b>

#### EXPENSES:

Furniture and fixtures	\$ 519.88
Bank Fees and Exchange	436.72
Bees	10.65
Building Costs and Repairs	2,438.02
Cartage and Freight	532.44
Car and Truck Upkeep and Repair	903.92
Charity	1,412.71
Poultry	65.00
Cold Storage	19.25
Dental Fees	133.00
Drugs	41.37
Electricity	295.02
Feed	339.86
Fuel	829.18
Food	4,015.59
Garden	80.04
Hospital and Medical	829.10
Household Furnishings	1,066.96
Insurance	156.00
Library	1,386.22
Licenses	27.00
Miscellaneous	712.74
Pigs	60.00
Plumbing Repairs	38.00
Postage	2,005.36
Rent	441.95
Scholarships	516.65
Stationery and Office Supplies	1,572.76
Subscriptions	49.35
Taxes	100.17
Telephone and Telegrams	169.34
Travel	394.86
Wages (carpenters)	402.38
	<b>21,481.61</b>

Depreciation on Furniture and Fixtures	81.91
Car and Truck	1,531.76
Furnace	361.00
Depreciation on Car and Truck	201.72
Depreciation on Furnace	46.68

Total Expense	24,224.56
Surplus	(99.37)
	<b>\$24,125.19</b>

Those who instruct others to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity



## WATCH FOR BLUE TRUCK

(Continued from Page Three)

PLIES (samples will do) . . . WARM CLOTHING . . . GAMES FOR CHILDREN . . . RECORDS FOR THE PHONOGRAPH . . . OFFICE SUPPLIES . . . COLORED PENCILS AND SUCH FOR KIDS.

PERHAPS SOMEONE HAS OLD SNOW SHOES, SKIS, AND SKATES THEY DO NOT NEED ANYMORE . . . OR KNAPSACKS . . . OR THERMOS BOTTLES.

They need other items, too many to mention but which may come to your mind. For remember, they will have to take care of the sick . . . feed the hungry (in a sort of soup kitchen style), and run catechetical and recreation centers. It takes a lot of everything for that, especially when they first start.

So, as I said before, during the month of May — spring cleaning month through Canada — set aside any of these things you can spare . . . and when the BLUE TRUCK COMES YOUR WAY . . . STOP IT, VISIT A WHILE WITH ITS OCCUPANTS, AND GIVE THEM WHAT YOU DO NOT NEED.

AND THE BLESSING OF OUR LADY OF THE YUKON, AND OF HER DIVINE SON . . . WHOM THEY ARE GOING TO SERVE . . . AT THE RIM OF THE WORLD . . . WILL BE YOURS.

## THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

difficulties. Marvelous at getting new homes for young couples, because I think, He likes them to have many children, so he can play with them. He will take your petition and, I think, play with it for awhile. (I think he especially likes playing ball, because he holds the earth, a sphere, in his hand as if any minute he would start tossing it, with anyone praying to Him . . . probably just an idea of mine.)

Anyhow, he seems to like playing with "petitions." Perhaps he is testing our Faith in Himself . . . our Trust in Him . . . our abandonment to His Divine Providence.

But don't worry. In one shape or another, your prayers will be answered. Interested? Write for further information, either to the Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ont., to St. Kevin's Church, Dorchester, Mass., where He has a very special Shrine.

Above all, get a statue of Him . . . and put it up in your home . . . for He has said . . . "THE MORE YOU HONOR ME, THE MORE I WILL BLESS YOU." We have wee little Statues of Him in every room of Madonna House.

## And About The Chapel

Our Chapel looks lovely, now that all the benches, shelves, etc., have been completed. I think it will accommodate about a hundred

people — in a pinch. The furnishings are all of cedar from around our own neighboring woods. Well finished and nicely shellacked, they look beautifully simple.

It is truly a joy to have Our Lord dwell with us. The wonder of it never ceases. It also gives us a chance to pray for our friends, right at His feet.

But we made a discovery. Of course I should have realized it even before we started to build the Chapel. But, it being the very first one of any Friendship House, I didn't . . . and that was that it costs money to maintain a chapel. There is the wine . . . and the hosts . . . and the candles . . . and vigil lights and the sanctuary lamp. We have a vigil light burning before our Lady, and before the Infant of Prague daily for the intentions recommended to us.

## Light Cost Heavy

It came to me that perhaps there are some friends who would like to donate the price of wine and hosts monthly, or on a yearly basis. Two hundred dollars a year would cover these vital items. The candles and vigil lights would run to more. So we thought of opening a CANDLE BURSE OR FUND . . . Donations for same will be gratefully accepted.

Taking stock of our needs, and considering that we have to cook all the year round for 23 to 30 people . . . and, during the Summer School, for 50 to 90 . . . I have been dreaming of such items as an institutional MIXER . . . one that can whip up a batch of boiled potatoes into creamy whiteness in a few minutes, or a cake batter in less. Visions of huge frying pans and kettles, as well as saucepans that hold several gallons of soup, float now and then through my mind. A hot water boiler like they use in restaurants for our endless tea making . . . people seem to drink an infinite amount of tea these days . . . was also part of my dreams.

## We Can Dream Can't We?

Then Dot came in and added her dreams to mine. "What about a nice compact addressograph . . . electrically operated? We have some 8,000 to 10,000 files now. It would be so handy."

We both laughed aloud. Fancy us dreaming such dreams of glory and comfort. But then one never knows. Maybe, somewhere, some institution or office has an old addressograph they could spare . . . some kitchen that has been streamlining itself no longer needs some of the things we dream about! St. Martha may know of such. I must talk to her.

You see how it is. Perhaps it is just self-preservation. I would bet that my right arm, and that of our successive cooks, is much bigger than the left one . . . due to whipping things all the time with it. Yes I bet it is. Space does not permit me

to go on with my dream items . . . such as a toaster that toasts 12 pieces in a swoop. No. There just isn't enough space in this column. But a few dreams seemed to slip in just the same.

## To A Soul In Heaven

By E. J. D.

My friend Jim Wholey once wrote a delightful story about himself and a little girl, Cecelia. It was printed in an extraordinarily good pocket-size periodical called "Yours Friendly, the Eternational Review." (It is published twice a month by the Rev. Jerome Pokorny, at Wilber, Nebr.: subscription \$1.25 yearly; Canada, \$1.50).

## A Special Reason

Jim died last March, on the feast of St. Joseph; and we reprint the story here — with the permission of the copyright owner — for a very special reason.

"It was late on a Sunday afternoon," Jim wrote. "I was doing some sacristy and sanctuary work in the church. I had come out to the altar to attend to the candles when I heard Cecelia. She was 'crowing' her delight; and her delight seemed to be in me! I looked out into the nearly empty church and saw Cecelia, all smiles for me."

"When the candles were all finished, I went to visit her and find out the cause of her pleasure. She was in her mother's arms. I asked, 'Is she the one who has been making all the happy noise?' The mother nodded and said, 'When you came out to the altar she said, 'God, God!'"

"I was flabbergasted! 'To be mistaken — for — God!'"

" . . . When a little child imagines you are God, you are obliged to do something VERY special in order to keep up her good opinion — of God . . ."

## The Special Reason

In the letter Jim wrote me a few hours before he died he said he wanted to be the right hand of St. Therese, "the Little Flower" who is spending her heaven doing good on earth.

No doubt Jim will descend from heaven to visit many other little children; and he will do such wonderful things for them they too will say "God! God!"

And — to a soul in heaven — we here on earth are all little children.

## A "Fairy Tale" For May

By Francoise De Castro

Once the Queen of Heaven decided to take a trip to earth. She first met the lion, very proud of his beautiful

mane. He bowed his head to Her and She smiled, and passed on.

Then She met the dog. He barked happily, and thought, "What a beautiful voice I have." She smiled again, and passed on.

## She Stoops To A Toad

Along the road there was a toad. The toad looked at Her with his beautiful eyes, and sighed, because he knew he had no voice to sing for Her. She bent and patted him on the head. Then She passed on.

Further on, along the same road, there was a spider, very big and ugly! She had heard the Queen was coming, and wanted to see Her very much. But she knew she was ugly, and a very unpleasant creature to look at. She had long hairs on her legs, and tiny squinty eyes, a fat belly, and a long trail of sticky silk.

She thought: "I am too ugly for the Queen to look at. I will hide under this leaf, and when She comes along, I will peek at Her." So she hid.

But when the Queen came by, She was so beautiful, so radiant, that the spider began to cry with joy. She forgot all about being so ugly. She jumped right off onto the road, and shouted at the top of her voice: "Hail, Holy Queen!"

## She Lifts A Spider

The Queen stopped, and looked down. When the spider saw the Queen looking at her, she began to cry with shame and wonder. But the Queen took the spider into Her hand!

The spider began to tremble, and could not say a word. The Queen breathed on it gently. And lo and behold, the spider vanished. There was no more spider, but, on the palm of Her hand rested three beautiful diamonds, which were the tears the spider had shed over her own ugliness and the beauty of the Queen.

The Queen brought them back to Heaven and gave them to the Child to play with.

## A Tribute to Mary

"O Holy Mary, my Lady: Into thy blessed trust and special custody, and into the bosom of thy mercy, I this day, every day, and in the hour of my death, commend my soul and my body: to thee I commit all my anxieties and miseries, my life and the end of my life, that by thy most holy intercession, and by thy merits, all my actions may be directed and disposed according to thy will, and that of thy Son. Amen." — Saint Aloysius Gonzaga.

## The XI Station Of The Cross

By Catherine

Clouds were Gathering.  
Black,  
Intense.  
From all sides  
At once.

Were they  
A veil? . . .  
Or had they  
Come to weep?  
Or to avenge?

Who was  
There  
To tell? . . .  
All saw  
Them hide  
The Sun,  
And bring  
Night-to-noonday.

With them  
Came cold  
And deadly winds—  
That swept  
The dawdling,  
Ogling,  
Scattered  
Crowds  
Into a huddling  
Mass of frightened  
Bleating sheep!

Suddenly  
There He stood—  
Alone—  
Etched  
Against  
The angry skies . . .  
Dazzling . . .  
Immaculate . . .  
Like unto  
A Host!

As if unable  
To stand  
His light,  
They threw  
Him down  
Upon the Wood.  
The thousand  
Wounds that  
Covered Him  
Bloomed into  
Rivulets of red.

He lay  
Quiescent,  
Meek.  
Hammers  
Hit nails.



The winds  
Went wild,  
Picked up  
Their sound  
And magnified  
Them again . . .  
Again . . . and  
Threw their  
Echoes  
Into eternity . . .  
HIS REQUIEM!

RESTORATION,  
COMBERMERE,  
ONTARIO, CANADA

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